Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXIII., No. 42. MONTREAL OCTOBER 21, 1898. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

Lillie Pozer 28 99

Africa.

By C. A. Mitchell.

Africa has an area of 11,514,307 square miles, which is divided as follows: England, 2,351,936; France, 2,783,948; Germany, 832,750; Italy, 315,070; Portugal, 909,820; Spain, 246,760; Belgium, 827,000 ; Liberia, 37,000.; Boer States, 173,350; Independent, 2,120,323, and the great lakes, 80,350; of the remainder Tripoli under quasi-Turkish rule has 400,000, and Egypt under semi-English rule 436,000.

The population is variously estimated at from 210,000,000 up to 300,000,000, and there are said to be 438 languages and 153 dialects spoken. The inhabitants are recognized as belonging to six great families or divisions —the Semites, Hamitos and Fulah, having curly hair, Negroes and Bantu have woolly hair, and the Hottentots have woolly hair growing in tufts.

The color of the skin varies from yellow to a dark brown usually, but some tribes on the West Coast are really black.

It might be said, speaking generally, that the Hottentots inhabit Cape Colony and the extreme South of Africa, the Bantu and Negro the central portion near the Equator, and the Semites, Hamitos and Fulah the territory north of the Equator.

While the attention of civilized lands has been drawn very much of late years to South Africa because of the stirring events taking place there, very little attention has been given to that portion north of the Equator, which is certainly much larger, if not so important. Immediately north of the Equator is that immense extent of country, stretching from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean, a distance of over 4,500 miles, known as the Soudan, and immediately north of the Soudan is the great Sahara Desert.

The common conception of the Sahara is a great level waste of sand. This idea comes from what is known of the Libyan Desert bordering on Egypt, which until recently was the only part of the Sahara whose character was known with any degree of certainty.

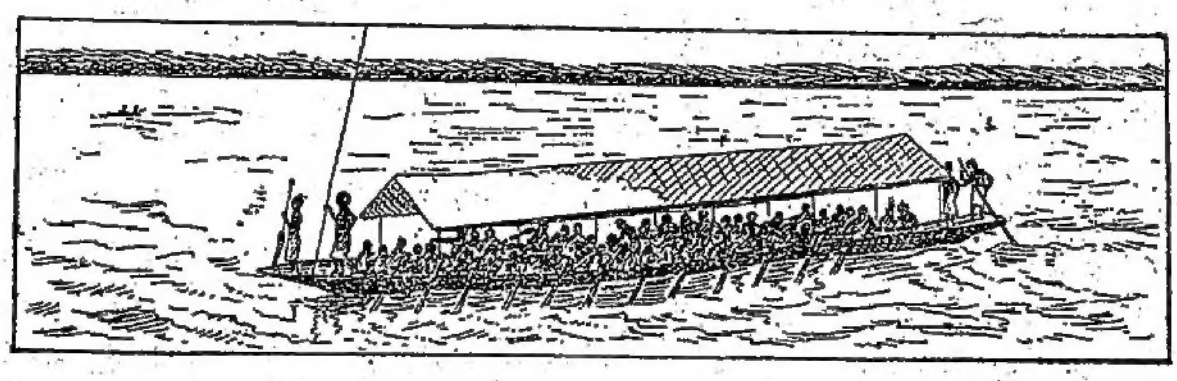
Only one-ninth of the Sahara is sand, the remainder consisting of mountains and rocks, steppes and oases. The western Sahara has extensive plains, with mountains, hills, valleys and watercourses (usually dry), and the land is not so desolate, but that life can be supported almost anywhere within its borders. The valleys are covered with trees, and it is freely habitable in the elevated districts.

The oases have luxuriant vegetation, and are much more common than has commonly been supposed.

A French traveller, who is a thorough geologist, recently made a journey through the Sahara, and several times was told by his guides that water could not be obtained within a distance of three or four days, but, as he had been observing the country closely as they passed along, he was somewhat skeptical, and several times ordered a halt and sent out small parties.

AN ARAB CHIEF.

His theory of the matter is that the guides purposely led travellers through the most sterile and uninviting parts of the country, so that they would be led to believe it was barren and undesirable. Anyone who has travelled in Africa knows how reasonable this theory is. Of course at certain seasons the sand storms and hot desert winds make the Sahara almost unbearable for man or beast.—'Chris. Alliance.'



RIVER SCENE IN AFRICA.

Brother Luscomb.

The brethren did not like to have Mr. Luscomb speak in the evening meetings. He was slow, ungrammatical and uninteresting. His gestures were awkward, stories without point, experiences absurd; in fact, he was totally unfitted to exhort. Yet no meeting passed without a word from him. No one liked to tell him that his remarks were not acceptable; and so things went on. The deacons offered long prayers and exhortations to 'take up the time,' but Brother Luscomb was not to be crowded out. The boys tittered and whispered over his antiquated pronunciation, but the old man was not to be giggled out of countenance.

There was also another provoking thing about him, he seemed always to enjoy every gathering for prayer. When all felt that a meeting had been as dead as it was possible for a mid-week meeting to be, Brother Luscomb would come out of it as bright and glowing as if just from an intense revival service, and say with all his heart: 'Raal good meetin', wan't it, brethring?'

He was a consistent Christian, nobody disputed that, but he was not a consistent grammarian. He said 'set,' instead of sit, and when the youngsters laughed, he obligingly changed it to 'sot.' Words ending in 'ing,' were always deprived of the 'g,' and those in 'in,' or 'en,' as invariably had a 'g' added. 'Prehaps, presuasion, persentiment,' were favorite words with him.

There would have been some hope in the hearts of the brethren and sisters, if there were any signs of his overcoming his faults, but, on the contrary, he became worse as his years grew to be more of a burden. It was suggested by some that he be kindly requested not to 'take part,' when something happened that opened many eyes.

A young man of eighteen strayed into one of the prayer-meetings. He was well known through the town as a hard case, and to see him there was a wonder. Brother Luscomb sat so far in front that he did not see the new comer.

All of the brethren tried to make the meeting as interesting as possible. Deacon G. spoke fluently of a shipwrecked sailor clinging to his mother's testament even in the pangs of death. Mrs. M. sang very touchingly a song that had awakened many a heart to its lost condition. Brother M. said earnestly and meaningly, 'Choose ye this day whom ye will serve,' and then when the tone of the meeting was deep and reverent, Brother Luscomb got up and spoke. Just what he said hardly any one seemed to know. He meandered through some sort of a story about a 'Chinee boy which had stole suthin', an' couldn't get no peace till he made restitootion,' and 'restitootion' and 'prehaps,' and 'brethering,' with a few other choice words were about all that most of the people present remembered of the story after the speaker 'sot' down.

The 'pillars' round about endured the attack as usual with martyr-like faces, and a feeling of 'righteous' indignation, that the good impressions the young man had already gained should be thus lost.

A few weeks after this, the same young man came before the church committee to be examined for admission to the church. In the course of the questions that were put to him it was asked,—

'When did you first decide to serve the Lord?'

'At the prayer-meeting three weeks ago.

'What led you to that choice?' asked the pastor.

'Something that one of the speakers said,' was the reply.

'What was it?'

The young man hesitated, then said, —

'When I came into that meeting I had in my pocket a twenty-dollar bill that belonged to a certain man here in town. I did not deliberately steal it from him, but as I was sure that he would never know where it went, I was going to keep it. The only part of the service that I remember was where Mr. Luscomb spoke about stealing and restitution. It seemed as if he was talking to me, and what he said hung to me until before I went to sleep that night, I had resolved to return the money.'

At the next mid-week meeting, Mr. Luscomb being detained at home by sickness, the pastor told the whole story, and thereafter when Mr. Luscomb spoke or prayed, neither the grammar, the accents, nor the gestures were noticed, but rather the hearty love for the Master, which had been the means of saving a soul.—'Watchman.'

Bite It Off.'

The 'Kitchen Magazine' tells the story of a teacher who, seeking to instruct her pupils in the mysteries of digestion, inquired,

'What is the first step toward the digestion of the food?'

Up went the hand of a little black-haired fellow, who exclaimed with eagerness,

'Bite it off! bite it off!'

There are many people who would be glad to become students and teachers of the word of God, and they would like to know just how to begin. We recommend them to consider the answer of the little boy. The first step towards a knowledge of the word of God and a fitness for teaching it is to 'bite it off,' to eat it. In other words to read, mark and afterwards 'inwardly digest' those words of truth which are able to save the soul.

No one is going to learn to swim without getting into the water. Nobody learns to understand God's book by reading man's books. If a man wants to know God's word he must study God's word, he must study it with such assiduity and zeal that he will know it, and then he will be likely to understand it.

The great thing which is requisite in order to find out what the bible means is to find out what the bible says; and most people who have great difficulty in finding out the meaning of the bible are persons who do not read it or study it. Of course there are deep mysteries there, for the book was inspired by one who is wiser far than we; but if we take those words and read them and study them, we shall find in them such sweetness that we shall be allured onward by sympathy and affection, and shall by grace come to know more and more fully the truths revealed in that word.

Most of the difficulties that people encounter, and most of the objections that skeptics parade, give strong evidence of careless reading or sinful neglect of the words of eternal life which God has given to man. If we then desire to become acquainted with the word of God, if we wish to hide it in our hearts and have it as a ruling power within our souls, we must begin to study it by learning it, by taking hold of it with heart and mind and memory.

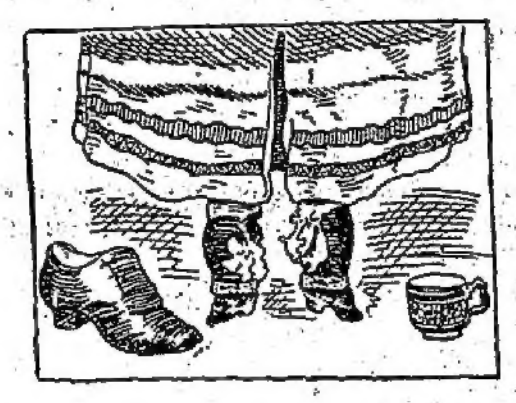
How many persons there are who ask the meaning of passages which they cannot quote and which they cannot find. If they would read the passages their questions would be largely answered. The first step towards digesting food is to 'bite it off,' and the first step towards the understanding of the word of God is to read it and commit it to memory, and then to search it, comparing spiritual things with spiritual, that it may prove the 'power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth.'

'Thy words were found, and I did eat them; and thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart.' Jer. xv., 16. — 'The Christian.'

Crusade Against Chinese Foot-Binding.

One of the darkest crimes associated with Chinese national life is the binding of girls' feet in such a diabolical manner, that these otherwise useful members are early crushed out of all human form. It is a mark of high degree in this barbaric country, so misnamed the Flowery Land, for women to possess small feet, and in order that this aristocratic feature may be manifested in after years every female baby has its feet tightly bound in cloth bandages, to prevent growth. Ere the child begins to walk the foot is bound so as to contract it into the smallest possible space, and is kept in these bandages, in spite of the excruciating pain to the victim, until the foot has ceased growing. Then the bandages are removed, and the woman has to totter through life on stumps that make even a hobbling gait painful.

But when the torture is over, young women with exceptionally small feet have a certain sense of happiness, for in the marriage market of China full-grown girls with the feet of children are at a premium. Mr. Macgowan and his wife, who are missionaries in



Amoy, have started a crusade against this cruel custom, and already many of the Chinese, some of them ladies of rank, having been converted, are not only interested in spreading the gospel, but are earnest in inducing parents to sign a pledge never to allow the feet of their children to be distorted by binding. Humanly speaking, this reform is a herculean task, for the Chinese cannot be made to see in a moment that the ancient practice, that every girl is taught to believe makes her a superior being, and one to be admired above her fellows, is really held in abhorrence and contempt by right-thinking people. What matters even pain or inconvenience, when, by undergoing it, a girl can possess the smallest feet in the village, and be considered an ideal beauty? Those Chinese who become converts to Christianity are at once enlisted by the missionaries as advocates of the new crusade, as well as witnesses of the gospel. Being enrolled in what is known as the Anti-Foot-Binding Society, all the converts to the new idea who evince an earnest desire to work against the cruel custom are given various departments in the work. Some who evince an aggressive desire to carry the war into the camp of the enemy, are equipped with a variety of arguments, and sent out to neighboring villages, to advocate, on Christian grounds, the growth of natural-sized feet. They are doing it with an earnestness of purpose that will doubtless be productive of much good in a country which so little deserves the name of Celestial Land.—'Christian Herald.'

He Sought in Vain.

About twenty years ago a vicious, unruly lad was the terror of the community in a quiet town in Alabama. Neither parents nor teachers were able to control him. One day his father, a feeble old man, asked him to drive a stake in the garden to hold up a grape-vine.

He refused, and when his father insisted, the son struck him, uttering a fierce oath, and that night left the village. A few months later, in a neighboring state, he was arrested for burglary, convicted, and sentenced to imprisonment for sixteen years.

As the end of his term approached he wrote again and again to his father, telling his story and begging for forgiveness, promising in agony of soul, when he was a free man, to live a different life. He received no answer, and when released did not seek his home, but became a wanderer.

One day he appeared in his native village, a middle-aged man, with gray hair, and eyes long used to look upon trouble. Few of the people knew him. The home of his childhood was owned by strangers. His father had long been dead.

He made his way through the drizzling rain to his grave. Only God knows the story of the man after that. Beneath the grass his father lay, deaf to his cries. He would never speak to say that he would forgive him.

The next morning the villagers found, driven into the ground at the head of the grave, a heavy stake, as for a tomb-stone, and written on it, "I will obey you, father.' The man was gone, and never returned.

He is wise who gives to the loved ones at his side nothing but love and tenderness to carry in memory into the unending life that lies behind that dark curtain. — 'Youth's Companion.'

What a Penny Did.

A lady who was a Sunday-school teacher was engaged in filling up a box of things to be sent to a missionary in the interior of India. One Sunday morning she mentioned it to her class, and told them if they had anything they would like to put in the box they might bring it to her house during the week, and she would put it in. One little girl in her class wanted very much to send something in the box, but all she had to give was a single penny. She knew that this would be of no use in India, as our money is not used there. She was at a loss for a while to know what to buy with her penny. At last she made up her mind to buy a tract. She did so, and prayed over it before it was sent. Then she took it to her teacher. It was put in the box, and the box was carried across the great ocean. It reached the missionary to whom it was sent. The wife of that missionary had a young chief from the mountains of Burma attending at her school. She taught him to read, and when the time came for him to leave and go to his distant home, she gave him some books and tracts to take with him. Among these was the very tract which that little girl had bought with her penny and put in her teacher's box. The young chief read the tract. It caused him to see the folly and the wickedness of his heathenism, and led him to Jesus. He went back to his mountain home a changed man—a Christian. That little girl's tract had saved his soul. But that was *not* all. When he reached home, he told the story of Jesus, which he had learned from that tract, to his friends. They listened to what he said. God blessed his words. More came and heard him speak. They gave up worshipping idols. A missionary was sent there A church was built, a congregation was gathered into it, and fifteen hundred persons became Christians in that neighborhood.—'Presbyterian Witness.'

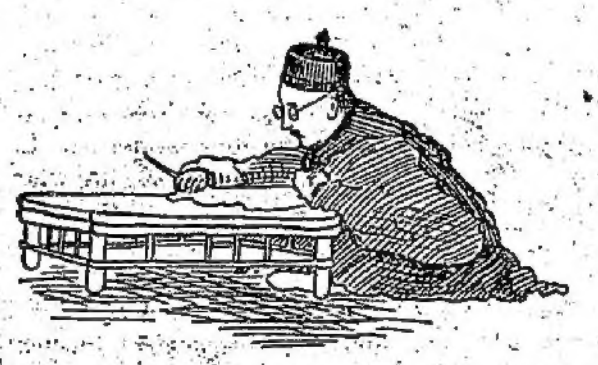
BOYS AND GIRLS

Examinations In China.

An Irish missionary in China writes : 'I have just concluded the examination and adjudication of upwards of 100 papers on scriptural subjects prescribed for senior and junior agents and 'students,' It fell to my lot to examine in three books, and the answering of some was exceedingly good. Year

by year the curriculum is enlarging, and embracing secular subjects.'

These pictures show us some of our native Christian agents under examination. Mr. Crawford, of Kirin, who sends us these sketches, says:—'I am writing this while acting as examiner of the agents. There are thirteen in all, seven of these being from Ku-yu-shu. Those from Swang-cheng-pu have not arrived yet, so they, when they



come, will have to be examined along with our chapel-keeper, Li, who is coming with the carts from Moukden. The examination is being held in one of the wards of the New Hospital, which is admirably suited for the purpose, with its isolated kangs along one side. All our men are quite new to this kind of thing. I see Han, one of our booksellers, scratching his head and stretching his fingers. Writing out the questions is a very serious problem in itself, and the ideas don't seem to flow spontaneously. I brought my teacher along with me, and he is the patron of the business, reading out the questions, or writing them out as required.'

Marjorie's Lesson.

(By Kate S. Gates.)

Marjorie Dunbar was sitting in the station waiting for the train. She had been to a great missionary rally in the city, and as she sat there thinking over what she had heard, she felt herself growing dissatisfied and discontented every minute. Her own life seemed unspeakably useless and trivial compared with those of the missionaries who had spoken that afternoon.

'Oh, if mamma would only consent to my consecrating my life to Christ like that !' she sighed, 'I should only be too happy to go. She says they need me at home; but what does my life amount to there? Just exactly nothing worth while. It seems hard to have to fritter it away when I long to do faithful service. If we lived in the city it would be different. I could find plenty of church and charitable work to do; but in Dudley, there is just—nothing.'

The train came in just then, and Marjorie hurried out to be sure to get a good seat, pushing by a wan, weary-faced little woman who carried a baby and had two little children with her. Another young lady who was coming from the street started, evidently with the intention of catching up with Marjorie, but paused for an instant, as she passed the over-burdened woman.

'Are you taking the N. & E. train?' she asked, pleasantly. 'Just let me help you.'

When they reached the car they found all the seats on the shady side but one taken, and after having seated her new friends there the girl passed on to where Marjorie was sitting.

'Why, Alice!' that young lady exclaimed, when she saw who it was. 'How nice! Have you been to the rally? Wasn't it grand and inspiring? Only it seems harder than ever to go back to our petty, humdrum lives, don't you think so?'

'Why, no,' answered Alice. 'I do not feel so. I should love to go and tell the heathen of Jesus and his love, and yet, Marjorie, isn't it just as beautiful to tell those about us here? It seems a wonderful thing to me to be alive anywhere if only we are trying to serve Christ to the best of our ability. I'd like, of course, to be trusted with great things, but still I'm thankful for the privilege of serving in the humblest. Do you see that poor old lady opposite? She can't fix that shade, and she looks melted. I heard her say that she had a bad headache. Would you mind if I changed seats with her. It will be cooler for you here.'

'Suit yourself,' answered Marjorie, turning to the window, with an expression of disgust on her face.

'Alice actually hasn't any idea beyond making people comfortable in ways like this,' she said to herself. 'She is perfectly contented, apparently, to spend her whole time and strength in this way. I am thankful that I care for higher things. There! She has got those children with her. I hope she is satisfied. I really don't believe the meeting this afternoon made any impression on her at all.'

'Do you know the young lady who changed seats with me?' asked Marjorie's companion.

Marjorie turned round rather coolly.

Certainly. We live near each other,' she replied.

'She's a lovely girl,' continued the lady, earnestly. 'I wish that more of us were as like the Master. I've been watching her, and old as I am, she has taught me a lesson. The Lord bless her heart! And he will.'

Marjorie listened, in an astonished, puzzled way. She had always felt inclined to rather look down on Alice. In her estimation she was contenting herself with living on a lower plane than she ought. Had she made a mistake? No, it could not be. This was only a plain sort of a person, who could not appreciate high ideals. But, do her best, she could not help feeling confused and troubled. She wondered vaguely if anyone ever spoke of her in the way this lady had just spoken of Alice.

Some one in the seat back of her got off, and Roy Adams took the vacant place. Roy was Dudley's special pride, a very gifted young fellow. 'And what a power for good he would be if only his talents were consecrated to Christ!' sighed his pastor and Christian friends.

Suddenly Roy leaned over and touched Marjorie on the shoulder.

'Isn't that little scene across the way characteristic of Alice?' he said half-laughingly, and yet with an undertone of earnestness. 'Do you know I look upon her as one of the very best evidences of Christianity I know of. If ever I am converted it will be largely owing to her influence. If all professed Christians were as loyal and true as she is, the millenium would dawn in no time.'

And this from Roy Adams, the most brilliant young man of Marjorie's acquaintance, travelled and highly educated. She must respect his opinion.

'It seems to me to be a beautiful thing to be alive anywhere if only we are serving Christ to the best of our ability.' Alice's words came back to her.

'I don't know,' she thought, sorrowfully, as she walked home in the gathering dusk; 'perhaps I have thought too much about the heathen, and have neglected to do "the next thing." I haven't been faithful in that which is least surely, and how could I have expected that I should be in a larger sphere? But, Alice has taught me a lesson, and, oh, I am thankful that God has shown me my mistake! If he will help me, I will be better in the future.' — 'Zion's Herald.'

Hiding in His Sleeves.

The little Japanese children are told that when they die they will go to a great dim world, full of shadows, under this world we live in; and that there ugly and cruel spirits will tease them and make them cry.

But the poor Japanese mothers, whose little ones die, pray to a smiling statue called Jizo, and they think that the god Jizo will go to the help of the children in that shadow world, and drive away the demons, and hide the little children in his big sleeves.

There is no such person or god as Jizo,

LITTLE JAPANESE CHILD.

but we may hope that the dear little Japanese children who die before they do wrong and break God's laws, may find one much greater, much more loving and smiling than their Jizo, even Jesus, who died for them, and who will take them, not to hide in his sleeves, but upon his bosom, saying, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'—'Mayflower.'

Stockholm is said to have the largest death-rate from the use of alcohol of any city in the world. The number of deaths from this cause is ninety in a thousand.

Brotherhood.

(By Sydney Dayre.)

'Whom do you suppose we are going to have in here among us?'

'As clerk?'

'Yes.'

Give it up. Who is it?'

Robert Day.'

'Ho! I don't believe it.'

The half-dozen clerks in Mr. Preston's smart store indulged in various expressions of surprise and incredulity.

'It's a fact,' said Ed. Jones; 'Mr. Preston told Jack Haynes's father, and Jack told me. Bob doesn't want a college education.'

'The more simpleton he.'

'Yes. Wouldn't most of us like to have the chance he thinks so little of? And so, as he wants to be a business man, his father is putting him in here, so he can begin at the beginning.'

'I'll warrant you, though,' said Walter Hart, in a discontented tone, 'he will have some privileges over the rest of us. You wouldn't catch such a swell settling down among us without having the better of us in some way.'

'Maybe so,' said Ed, 'but Jack didn't say so.'

Now, as a matter of fact, Robert Day, whose father had recently become the owner of large mills in the town, had no idea that his fellow-clerks thought him a 'swell.' A comparative stranger in the place, he would gladly have made friends with them, and puzzled his brains guessing why they should hold themselves aloof from him. Being all of them poor, they made the mistake of believing that because he was rich he considered himself above them.

'I can't tell why they behave so towards me,' said Robert, talking with his mother. 'I'd like to be friends with them. Why won't they be friends with me? Is it because I'm a stranger? I should think,' with a little tone of indignation, 'that that would be a good reason for treating me well. It would with me.'

His mother, knowing more of the world, thought she could give a little guess at the reason, but would not do violence to his frank, generous nature by a suggestion of it.

'Don't be impatient about it, dear,' she said. 'You feel kindly towards them and will surely find some way to show it.'

'I'll be on the lookout,' said Robert, eagerly. 'There will be a kind of fun in it—making my way against unkind feeling that I don't deserve.'

'It would be far worse if you did deserve it.'

'Ah, yes, there you are, mother—right, as you always are. I shall watch for my chance.

* * * * * * *

'Whose is this?'

Mr. Preston gazed with anger at something he had found well hidden on a shaded end of one of the counters.

Hard luck for a boy, so thought Ned Rayne, that Mr. Preston should be at the store door just as he returned from dinner. For Ned was indulging in the luxury of a cigar, and knew well how severely his employer frowned on the habit.

He had barely had time to snatch it from his mouth and hold it under his coat as he passed in. Then, embarrassed by an immediate call to wait on a customer, he had made a hasty attempt at putting out his cigar, and had slipped it behind a pile of goods.

But the fire had smouldered, and the smoke had spread its tell-tale odor around. Mr. Preston's keen senses were soon on the alert.

'I say—whose is this?'

The cigar was in his fingers, and in his eye righteous wrath, though his voice was suppressed through desire not to attract the attention of the one customer who was present. Ned's face flushed, as he devoted himself assiduously to him without turning his head.

Two or three of the clerks drew near Mr. Preston.

'James Harper was in here just now with a cigar, perhaps it was his.'

'Perhaps it was. But, come up here all of you,' commanded Mr. Preston, as the customer went out.

'I have always said,' he continued, 'that I would never keep in my employ any one who smoked. I suppose it's enough for me to tell you that.'

Ned was turning away with a feeling of relief. He had no intention of leaving off his cigar, or any other of the small dissipations in which he was beginning to indulge at a sadly early age. But he was firmly determined to be more careful in the future in hiding his habit.

But the next words caused him to start. Mr. Preston went on:—

'James Harper works in my brother's lumber yard. If he is a smoker I shall make it my business to let it be known.'

Ned stood for a moment in despairing perplexity. His conscience was easy at allowing him to deceive his employer if he could, but here was his friend in danger of losing his position through this deception. The boy was of a generous spirit, and could not bear it. His own work was important to him, for he sorely needed it, and knew of nothing else he could get to do. But he stepped quickly up to Mr. Preston.

'I left that cigar there,' he said.

It was not said gracefully, or apologetically. But Mr. Preston was a kind-hearted man, and really wished to do his duty by those in his employ.

'Well,' he said, a little severely, 'is that all you have to say?'

'I guess so,' said Ned, sullenly.

'Of course you understand, that unless you pledge yourself to give up smoking you give up your work here.'

There was a moment's silence. Two or three of the clerks were inwardly resolving to discontinue their use of tobacco before it brought them to the unlucky point at which Ned had now arrived.

The latter stood in silent rebellion. He was the youngest of the clerks, and not at all the sort of boy who attracted people. The giving up of his newly acquired habit did not trouble him nearly so much as the being made an example of, as he inwardly termed it, before all the others, some of whom were sinners equally with himself.

How the matter would have concluded is uncertain, had not things taken a most unexpected turn. Robert Day stepped forward and took his stand by Ned.

'Let's do it together,' he said, smiling cordially at the low-browed, scowling boy. 'I'm sorry to say, sir,' he continued, addressing himself to Mr. Preston, 'that I smoke—only a little, however, and that I have kept it up while knowing your rules. I beg your pardon for it. Come, Ned, let's join hands on a promise to quit.'

There was a short interval of dead silence, while the clerks exchanged glances of astonishment. Here was the rich fellow, the 'swell,' the one whose peccadillos were supposed to be winked at by his employer—actually putting himself on a level with the youngest and most inferior boy in the store.

And far more than they could have expressed did it sink into the hearts of these boys that Robert Day did it through single-hearted desire to hold out to a weaker brother a hand of fellowship to lead on the road to true manliness.

Ned awkwardly returned the clasp, coloring in confusion as he did so.

'I—why of course I'll do it—seeing you want me to. And I'll stick to it, if I say I will,' he added in real earnestness.

'Good for both of you,' said Ned Holmes. 'I've been doing the same thing, and I'll join you in the same promise.'

As the clerks were dismissed that evening Robert waited for the slow steps of Ned Rayne.

'Say,' said the latter, 'my mother's tried to get me not to smoke—'

'So has mine,' interjected Robert.

'But I didn't seem to mind it. I suppose because I had nobody else to care—although that seems a poor thing to say. But now you've stood by me, I'm going to brace up. You see if I don't.'

'That's what we'll both do,' said Robert, fervently. 'We'll stand by each other, Ned, for all that makes for good clean lives.'

It needs not to tell that Robert Day never ceased to rejoice in having seized the blessed opportunity of winning over his foes by showing himself of one brotherhood with them.—'American Messenger.'

Rules For the Guild of Kindness.

I. Every member must be kind to all animals and birds.

II. Every member must try to protect everything weaker than himself or herself.

III. Every member must be obedient and

BE KIND TO ALL ANIMALS AND BIRDS

respectful to parents and teachers, and to those in authority over them.

IV. No member must rob a bird's nest, or use a catapult.

V. Every member must try to get another member.—'Heart and Hand.'

Who Wins?

In the mine of hidden treasure
There's success for him who delves;
And in working out life's mission,
God helps those who help themselves.

They who, having steadfast purpose,
Nothing daunted at delay,
Conquer by a firm persistence,
All that may obstruct the way.

Faithful, earnest, loving workers,
Striving nobly 'gainst all sin.
Who are these? My soul makes answer,
'These? Ah! these are they who win.'
—'Waif.'

One Coward's Revenge.

'In the name of common sense, John Anthony, what's the matter with your eye? You've been fighting again. I never seen such an eye. Now, just you tell me who you've been fightin'."

'Sim Spires.'

'Sim Spires! Well, now, look here, John Anthony,' shaking him by the shoulder as though to force an answer to her next question, 'Tell me what made you fight 'im?'

'He pushed me in the branch, and then said I darsn't hit 'im because I was a coward.'

'He did, did he? Coward, indeed! How I'd like to lay hands on 'im. The idea, a great big, sixteen year old boy, fightin' a little fellow like you, just goin' on twelve. Come into the house, honey, and let Cousin Millie put some balsam in your eye. Maybe that will take the swellin' out.'

John Anthony Fuller's mother had been called to the city to consult with a lawyer, and during his mother's absence John Anthony had gone to the adjoining farm to stay with his cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Murray.

'Millie,' said Mr. Murray, that afternoon, coming into the dining-room where his wife was busily preparing supper, 'what's the matter with John Anthony's face?'

Mrs. Murray explained the circumstances.

'Well, if Sim Spires keeps nagging at him, and he will fight,' Mr. Murray said, 'why doesn't Cousin Harriet make him stop school? Boys never do anything besides play at school nohow.'

'John Anthony doesn't play, Jack. That's what makes Sim Spires peck on him, because he can out-spell and out-figure Sim, and is almost five years younger. It would about break his heart to leave school, for you know he says he wants a good education so he can be a doctor.'

'A doctor,' Mr. Murray laughed contemptuously. 'Tell him his ma never will get the money to send him.'

'But, Jack, he doesn't look to his mother to send him. He's saving the money himself. He's got more than ten dollars that he's saved, in bank now. And he made some more the other day before his ma went off.'

'How'd he make it?'

'What, the last. He helped old man Newt Hawes drop peas in the afternoons and on Saturdays. Then he drove the cows home for Mrs. Hitt the week Mac went to town and Kate had to wait in the store. Then he's got that place he cleared up last winter, down by the spring, planted in cotton, and it's just as good as any you've got in the place.'

'H'm,' said Mr. Murray, 'I didn't think the little chap had so much pluck.'

On John Anthony's seventeenth birthday he went over his bank account with his mother. There was just one hundred and eighty-seven dollars to his credit. That was in the summer, and in the fall they planned that he should enter the medical college in Augusta.

Later in the afternoon when he returned from his work in the field his face was unusually sober. As his mother passed, going into the kitchen, she touched his arm, and asked:

'I saw you talking with Coot Mosely at the gate. Did he have any news?'

'He was telling me about Sim Spires, ma, and he said Dr. Parker told him that Sim would always be blind unless they could send him up to Atlanta and have his eyes operated upon by Dr. Camack.'

Three days later John Anthony said he was going to the blacksmith shop to have new points put on some ploughs, and would stop and see Sim Spires on his way home.

When the young man entered the Spires cottage he found them all at home, seated in one room. Timothy was half-soling a pair of coarse men's shoes, while Sim sat near him knitting. Nancy sat near the back window, busily sewing the buttons on a pile of shirts that lay in a basket at her side.

'I hope you don't mind my sewing, John Anthony,' she said, with an effort towards cheerfulness, after the young man had taken his seat. 'I'm just finishing these shirts for the doctor, so I can give 'em to him when he calls to-morrow to see about Sim's eyes.'

'That's what I came for. How are Sim's eyes?' asked John Anthony, speaking so the blind man could hear distinctly, as though wishing an answer directly from him.

Nancy shook her head and motioned him to silence. Timothy glanced furtively at his son, but no one spoke. For some time there was a moody silence, until John Anthony moved to go.

He went down the rocky, ill-kept path leading to the road, but when he reached it stopped. He stood for five minutes or more thinking, then he returned to the Spires house.

When he entered the room where the family sat they all looked up in surprise.

'Forgot something?' Nancy inquired.

'No,' John Anthony replied. Then, with an effort to appear natural, he added: 'I came back to tell you that I had one hundred and eighty-seven dollars that you are welcome to, if you want to send him to Atlanta to see the doctor.'

'How did you get so much money?' Timothy Spires asked, staring at him in surprise.

'I saved it,' John Anthony replied.

'Yes, I heard you were savin' up to study medicine,' the old man said, nodding his head thoughtfully.

'And you are willin' to give up the chance of goin' to college so our Simon can get back his sight. The Lord will——' Nancy began hysterically, but John Anthony cut her short.

'I can save more,' he said, going out and closing the door.

He was walking rapidly down the road with his newly pointed ploughshares slung over his shoulder in a crocas sack, when he met Dr. Parker. They stopped to talk, and John Anthony told him of his offer to Nancy Spires for Sim.

The physician listened without comment, and when Anthony finished stared down at him with his eyes drawn together for fully ten minutes.

The following day John Anthony was hard at work pulling fodder when Dr. Parker rode up to the fence and called to him.

'Are you willing to go to Atlanta with Sim Spires?' the doctor demanded abruptly.

'Yes, sir, if you think it necessary,' John Anthony replied, looking up at the stern face on the other side of the fence.

The next day he accompanied Sim Spires to Atlanta, and two days later Dr. Camac performed an operation which completely restored the man's sight. A week later Sim was well enough to return home, and John Anthony went to see the great specialist for his bill.

'I have no bill against Spires. Dr. Parker wrote me of you, and I have spoken to the Governor, and secured you a free scholarship in the medical college of Georgia, which may be used in either the Augusta or Atlanta branch of the institution. I should like you to select the Atlanta branch, and come as my student. You will have the freedom of my library. I have watched you closely in your attendance upon Spires, and feel assured that Parker's estimate is correct. You will do credit to our profession."

And at the last commencement exercises of the medical college in Atlanta the name of the first-year student receiving honorable mention was John Anthony Fuller.—'Boston 'Globe.'

Doing the Thing You Can't.

(New York 'Observer.')

'Well,' sighed Sharley, in one of Sophie May's stories, 'I have done what I could.'

'No,' was the response of the sister on whom the care of the bereaved and impoverished had fallen, and who was looking possibilities and impossibilites bravely in the face, 'no, you have done what you couldn't.'

Sharley had written a book, in a way and somehow; the one thing, of all others, she was incapable of doing.

The sister's reply supplies a suggestive text, from which I want to evolve a little talk to girls, as a danger-signal against certain thought-mirages and mental will-o'-the-wisps, which lead nowhere but into failure and disaster.

'I went up Mount Lafayette' (one of the highest of the White Mountains), 'after sunset last summer,' said a young man to me. 'I was warned that it was not safe, as I could not get down, of course, before dark, and there were wild animals and fallen trees, and gulches and cataracts, to be reckoned with. I thought I should never get back alive. I fell a dozen times, at least; I hurt my leg, and tore my clothes into strings, and utterly exhausted myself. Wasn't that a splendid feat of endurance, and a fine demonstration of will power?'

'No,' I answered, for the young man was one with whom I could always be sincere, 'no, it was to my mind, a dogged exhibition of foolhardiness, and a most unexemplary waste of strength, nerve, tissue, and raiment. No one, least of all yourself, was the better for that journey, which led to worse than nothing, and which squandered time which might have been pleasantly employed.'

Presumption sometimes masquerades as courage, and foolhardiness stalks abroad under the mantle of bravery. 'Never strike sail to a fear,' says Emerson; magnificent advice, which with all my soul I embrace. He might have added as magnificently and helpfully, Never put yourself, nor allow yourself to remain in a position where you need to strike sail to a fear. If one is where to fall is greater glory and larger satisfaction than to stand otherwhere, she has no cause for fear, but if she is climbing some Lafayette at nightfall, without established reason and purpose, without hopes for results, with the likelihood, if not the certainty, of falling and scrambling, of wrenching and rending on the way, which she must take to get back, then she must not only strike sail to fear, but in myriads of cases be absolutely and irretrievably wrecked by those disasters which her fear presages.

Both Sharley and my friend were doing what they couldn't, That is, they were doing things which they could not do with any prospect of success, any assurance of adequate accomplishment, any dignity of performance, any hope of helpful and satisfactory results. They feared and trembled and suffered, and caused others to be anxious about them, and, withal, came to the ground with many a thud, and bruise, and rent, and loss. In both cases foolhardiness was abroad and rampant.

Never in the history of mankind was it so important that men should not do what they can't. It is in all circles a continual day

of judgment. If a girl is to make a place for herself, or to hold one when made, she must do so by well, aye, by superior doing. The colleges are yearly graduating hundreds of women who must seek employment. The commercial and shorthand schools are sending out myriads of pupils who are clamoring for work. Every trade and profession is being repeatedly invaded by women, who aspire to its honors and its perquisites. It is the day of crowded ranks and of specialities. What, among all this army of bread winners, must give precedence, or, indeed, any place at all ? Undoubtedly, the best work along all lines. And how shall one come to the doing of her best work? By choosing as her pattern and possibility that to which her heart and hands most surely and deftly turn. No greater mistake, or one that leads to surer disaster, is ever made than when one adopts a profession or calling for which she has no liking or aptitude, because it is spoken of as 'genteel,' or is supposed to give prestige. Gentility lies in the manner of doing a thing, not in the occupation itself.

The story comes to me of two girls who were left to support themselves, and who tried teaching school and music, though they heartily hated these occupations, because they were considered genteel employments, and real ladies might engage in them. But in the hands of these girls they were not genteel, and the girls themselves ceased to be ladies in the largest sense, while occupied with them. They worried, and fretted, and chafed, and grew ill-natured, and unlike their former selves. They were going up, or, coming down, Lafayette at night; doing the things they couldn't.

At last school and music pupils were taken from them. It was soon after this deprivation that by a number of deep washouts a railway train was detained for forty-eight hours near their country home, and three hundred passengers came to them clamoring for food. Both girls had always loved and been successful in cooking. They ordered flour and other necessaries from the town grocery, and set to work to feed the multitude thus making known to the numerous city dwellers how delicious was their bread and pastry. It was arranged that they should thereafter send articles of food at stated intervals to quite a number of those who had eaten at their table. These customers secured for them other customers, and thus not only was provision made for all needs, but they were transformed by the work they loved and could do adequately, into happy, helpful women, who made their employment genteel by their genteel manner of doing it, and who gained as cooks the prestige that teaching would never have given them.

'The high prize of life,' says Emerson, 'the crowning fortune of a man, is to be born to some pursuit which finds him in employment and happiness.' If one is not shaping according to her very own pattern, which is cut by invisible laws whose demands she will disobey to her eternal peril, she will never shape genteelly, or make for prestige, or, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, earn even an adequate support.

There is, in these alert days of competition, and quick opening and closing of places, where bread may be earned, no time for going up Lafayette at nightfall, or doing aught that one can't. She who does these things will invariably be left to work out the ruin or laceration, to which her wayward and weak will must bring her.

'The talent is the call.' The insistent bias towards a thing, whether it be housekeeping, surgery, hair-dressing, dentistry, or what not, is to every one of us the voice of God, bidding us go forward. Gentility for you must ever and always mean only that which you can do in an efficient and graceful manner.

Poppy's Christmas Moonshine.

(By Jessie MacGregor.)

Looking along the poplar lane one warm July day, Vienne saw a woman with a baby in her arms reclining in the shade, and apparently weary.

'The ground is too damp after yesterday's storm for anyone to sit there,' said Vi's mother, when the child had informed her, 'Run out there, dearie, and invite her to come to the house and rest.'—

But Vi was too shy to go alone. They went together, Vienne's chatter arousing the young woman before they reached her. She was a very pretty blond, and girlish looking. The infant was like a white blossom half-hidden by a withered leaf; for she lay on her mother's lap beneath a fragment of an old faded shawl. Faint, tiny rings of soft gold lay on her temples; her cheeks were shaded by long, curved golden lashes. Mother and child were soon in the cool dining-room, bread, butter, fruit, and a glass of milk on a stand beside them.

'Lie down on the lounge if you want to after you have eaten,' said the hostess. 'I have no help and must attend to my work.'

Taking Vi with her, she left the two alone; something her husband might not have approved of had he been present.

The woman was unmistakably 'nice,' though plainly enduring a struggle with poverty. Mrs. Max had asked her no questions.

In half an hour there came a faltering knock at the kitchen door. When it was opened the baby's mother stood flushing and hesitating; but as plump, warm-hearted Mrs. Max smiled encouragement, she began:

'My baby is asleep, madam, and I would like to do something to pay you for my lunch. I am used to kitchen work.'

'Pay me! Oh, nonsense! But if you are not too tired you can help a while and I will make it square with you.'

By and by the woman told her story, or a part of it. She was an 'up-kentry' girl, and two and a half years ago she had married a son of one of Mrs. Max's Virginia neighbors. No one on either side had approved; the young man being wild, and the young woman 'beneath' him socially. The short married life had been so far all down-hill. A few months before her husband had been injured so that he could not follow his profession. She had done her best to nurse him and supply the family necessities, but they had had a hard winter; she was not strong, and now she had come forty miles to see her husband's father, bringing her baby (and walking most of the way, they afterwards learned), in the hope that it might help to win his heart. He was a widower, and his late housekeeper had married. She hoped to be taken in as a servant if he denied her a daughter's right.

'He is a relentless man,' said Mrs. Max. 'But the baby is sweet enough to win any one if he can be won. Should he prove at his worst, come back here and rest before returning to your husband.'

They put a white embroidered cape on the baby instead of the piece of old shawl, and she looked lovely and dainty as any princess. But ah! the hard old man shut the door in two pretty faces, then ordered the dogs unchained.

Mother and baby returned to Mrs. Max at nightfall; the mother pale, terrified and almost ill.

'Oh, it is moonshine that does it all, Mrs. Max; it is the wicked moonshine!' wept the baby's mother.

And Mrs. Max, not understanding, thought the poor creature's mind wandered. How pretty and graceful and gentle-hearted the poor despairing creature was! As for the baby; Vienne, destitute of brother and sister as she was, was fascinated with it. She would scarcely take her eyes from the shy, tiny face. She had almost to be dragged away at bedtime.

'Oh, mamma,' she murmured in her mother's neck, 'if we could only keep that baby! She is sweeter than even my Daisy,' her favorite doll.

So it came to pass that the wealthy Mr. Kenby's granddaughter became Vienne's prime pet, and the pet's parents servants to the Maxes. How the old gentleman raved when he heard about it! And it amused the Maxes to see how dead they were cut at every chance meeting.

Young Kenby (called Victor!) was an undisciplined but generous-hearted and fairly sensible man, who hopefully accepted his changed prospects in life; and under the kindly, but unobtrusive influences of the Maxes he was learning what mighty evils lay in strong drink and unprincipled companions.

Events glided along smoothly for several months; though the young couple grieved over the family estrangements. But health came back to them and rosy hope whispered of better days to come.

Young Mrs. Kenby's sweetness and grace won for her friends all through the neighborhood; and whenever the baby, tiny Isa, appeared in public, she invariably became the centre of an admiring crowd. A little princess could scarcely have received greater homage. Exquisitely beautiful and wondrously intelligent, there were croakers who prophesied that she was too sweet and bright to live.

Mrs. Kenby as well as her husband had evidently been trained to consider alcoholic stimulants as a general cure-all in illness. Mrs. Max more than suspected that little Isa's diminutiveness was due to the restrictful influence of alcohol. To have weighed ten pounds at the age of a week and only sixteen in her tenth month pointed to a lack of nutrition. No doubt the baby's mother had been half starved. Once again she said to Mrs. Max:

'I'm afraid my baby has had too much moonshine,' and again Mrs. Max did not comprehend.

But what a glow came into Mrs. Kenby's face when she realized one day that liquor was not a necessity, even as a medicine!

'Oh!' she cried, with clasped hands, 'Oh, thank God! Thank God! Now I can hope! Now I see heaven!'

In the latter part of November—it was the day before Thanksgiving—a letter came to Mrs. Kenby from her father. Her hands shook as she opened it; the blood left even her lips. It was the first he had written her since she left home. The letter for which she had hoped and prayed and longed for through nearly every hour for three years!

'I cannot read it Mrs. Max,' she whispered, sinking into a chair in the low, warm dining-room. 'I cannot see! I dare not—oh, read it, please!'

So Mrs. Max read it, with Vienne and little Isa listening; and Isa's young mother, white and shivering, sank to the floor, and clung to the skirts of Mrs. Max like a frightened child.

The letter was regretful, hearty, fatherly, There was good news too, besides that conveyed in the blessed fact of restoration. He (her father) had come into a little inheritance, and she was to come home for a long

visit. The expense of the journey would be borne by him. They all wanted to see her and Victor and little Isa very much.

Mrs. Kenby had thrown herself on the floor, in an abandon of happy tears. Baby, in soft staccato notes, with authoritative frowns, was, unheeded, tugging anxiously and enquiringly at her mother's sleeve.

Then Mrs. Max read:

'Tell Victor not to fail us, for we expect to have plenty of Christmas moonshine—and—'

But the beautiful, tear-wet face of the restored daughter was suddenly lifted. Over its heart-glow fell a still, white shadow. Mrs. Max was startled by the shadow, and she read the few remaining lines falteringly, while the young woman arose, and with strange calmness seated herself. Soon she was shivering as if wrapped in ice; her hands clenched; her face a beautiful, exquisite agony.

'It is all good—oh, poppy! It is all good, but—but—the—moonshine.'

'What do you mean by "mooshine"?' asked Mrs. Max, bewildered.

A pink wave swept over the face of Mrs. Kenby, a soft wave that deepened and grew still and red like a stain. The elder woman never forgot the midnight in the large, clear eyes as the other answered:

'It is brandy!'

Then the eyes fell and the red stain slowly faded.

'They think no harm in it there.'

The words followed each other slowly; then sitting erect she added with a little sparkle:

'My poppy means only goodness. I know he wants us. Oh, baby!'

She caught up Isa; and as Mrs. Max handed her the letter she thrust it in her bosom, but gave the envelope to the child.

"A letter from poppy! Yes; a letter! Read it, precious. Dah! Dah!'

The joy had conquered. It needed only her husband's remarks to kill the fear. He said with a firm, proud set to his head, as he finished reading the letter at night:

'We will dispense with the moonshine, I think. It is a good thing to let alone. I'll sign the pledge, Mr. Max, before I go.'

Presently he added with a glance at his wife:

'There used to be a right smart sight of illicit distilling going on in the mountains over there, and the distillers got to be called moonshiners because they did their work at night, and, finally their output got to be "moonshine," It was a bad business, but profitable. The old gentleman—my father—was a silent partner in one of them affairs once. He always keeps it by him. He'd feel worse to hear I'd signed the pledge than he did to hear I was married, I reckon. But he never gets drunk, and has no excuse for those who do.'

Later Victor Kenby thought he would wait till he had returned from 'up kentry' before pledging himself to total abstinence. He was hoping for his father's favor, since the 'little inheritance' had somewhat modified his wife's position. But Mr. Kenby, senior, showed no signs of relenting.

They went to the mountains and the moonshine.

In three weeks the Maxes wondered that neither had written. Soon there were ghastly rumors. Then came the tragical facts. While 'unsteady' from liquor two boyish uncles of little Isa tossed her from a hammock in the barn, and the injury proved fatal. Victor accused them of killing the child and driving his wife mad. He was promptly shot, but lingered for several days, a wonder to all who beheld him for fortitude, gentleness, and resignation.

His wife survived him only a few weeks. All three sleep together in a little churchyard that overlooks the Shenandoah. And the fiery traffic still glitters on the mountains and dazzles in the valleys; and stars and men look coldly down upon the curse.—'National Temperance Advocate.'

Witnesses For Christ.

The home of a Malagasy pastor who had spent twenty years in Christian work was recently burned by armed rebels. His two sons and himself were bound, taken to a camp, and there offered their lives if they would give up Christ. 'We will never deny our Christ, so do what you will,' replied Katsimikotona. The sons suggested a ransom. 'No,' said he, 'we will neither buy our lives nor sell our religion.' So died three witnesses for Christ, and they are not the only three.—'The Chronicle of the L. M. S.

Patient in Well Doing.

(By Susan Teall Perry.)

She rested her foot on the treadle,
The click of the needle was stayed;
The long seam was finished, and round her,
White garments, like snow-drifts, were laid.

She lifted her face to the window—
A face where deep furrows were shown—
But the tracks were well tilled and wholesome,
For 'twas winter wheat she had sown.

Always working, wearing for others;
Life's burdens her woman's heart knew,
For gleanings were oftentimes scatt'ring,
The kernels so many times few.

For years she had struggled on bravely;
'Twas sacrifice all her life long.
For others she had to be gath'rer,
For weak ones she had to be strong.

Now, weary and worn with the striving,
She'd stop for a moment to ask,
If life like hers was worth living,
Worth trying to finish, the task?

The sunbeams came into the window,
And they fell aslant on the Book;
She took it and opened the cover;
Then turned o'er its pages to look.

'"To them," so she read—"who by patient
Continuance"—Ah!' whispered she,
'I've lost heart, grown weary, and surely
These words were not written for me.

'"In well doing"—Does that mean, I wonder,
The work I'm trying to do?
I've most times been patient and faithful,—
And run up the seams strong and true.

'"I'll give glory and honor,"' the tear drops
Came into her eyes as she read—
'What glory, what honor, can ever
Come into this garret?' she said.

'"Not here, but beyond in that city
The King in His beauty will wait,
To crown the well-doer, who, patient
Continues, e'en up to the gate."'

Then her foot pressed hard on the treadle;
Her task must be finished, she knew,
And her life was well worth the living,
With such glory and honor in view.

—'Union Signal.'

Correspondence

Toronto.

Dear Editor,—I am writing to see if you know of anyone whom you think would like to read the 'Messenger' and 'Children's Record.' I have quite a few, and I don't want to get them all torn as there are so many nice stories in them; I really enjoy them. We live in a very healthy climate up north, and have many vacant 'lots' to play in. We have 'Teeters,' and every boys' game. We never mind what kind they are. In the winter we take our sleds and go to the hills, and have a gay old time. We have a dog and a bird. I would like to have a parrot best as a pet. Last night I had a long letter written to you, and as I was drying it up over the gas, it caught on fire. Hoping that all my little friends will have a jolly good time this winter. I remain, yours truly,

ELLA R.

[If any of our readers know of anyone who would like to accept Ella's kind offer, they should send us the address, which we will publish in the 'Messenger,' and Ella can then forward her papers. Editor.]

Aberfoyle, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We take the 'Messenger,' and I am very fond of reading the Correspondence. I am very fond of reading, and I have read a number of books, some of which are the following:—'A Prince of the House of David,' 'Melbourne House,' 'Daisy,' 'Little Women and Good Wives,' 'John Halifax, Gentleman,' 'The Arabian Nights,' 'Swiss Family Robinson,' 'The Pansy Series,' and the 'Elsie Series.' I go to Sunday-school, and we get the 'Sabbath Reading,' and I think it is a beautiful paper. Your interested reader,

DOROTHY.

Wyandot, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am very much interested in the Correspondence of this paper, and always look to see if I know any one who writes in it. I spent my vacation in Manitoba, and had a very pleasant trip. I have not attended school since the mid-summer holidays. There are a number of mischievous boys who go to our school. My chum's name is Minnie, and she is a very nice little girl; she is full of fun. We keep a dear little pup, which is very fond of playing; we call him Bruce.

I have two brothers and two sisters. My brother rides a bicycle, and can ride it very swiftly; he can ride it down a steep hill, where we have lots of fun coasting in the winter. I attend Sunday-school very regularly, and try to learn verses out of the bible, to say to my Sunday-school teacher, who is a very nice lady. From your correspondent,

BESSIE G.

Grenfell.

Dear Editor,—I have been herding all my holidays and a few weeks before. We have eighteen cattle, eight horses, two dogs, two cats, fifteen pigs, twelve turkeys, one gobbler, and ever so many hens. Our dogs are named Oscar and Trixy, our cats are Tiger and Esther. Our pigs, chickens and turkeys are not named. I remain your eight-year-old reader,

ANDREW S.

Grenfell.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write to tell you about our pet duck, and pet kitten. Our little duck's name is Alexander the Great, and kitty's name is Tiger. They played together at first, and slept together. One day when I came home from school I found Alexander dead. We have another duck, and also two dogs. I remain your six-year-old reader,

FREDDIE S.

Grenfell.

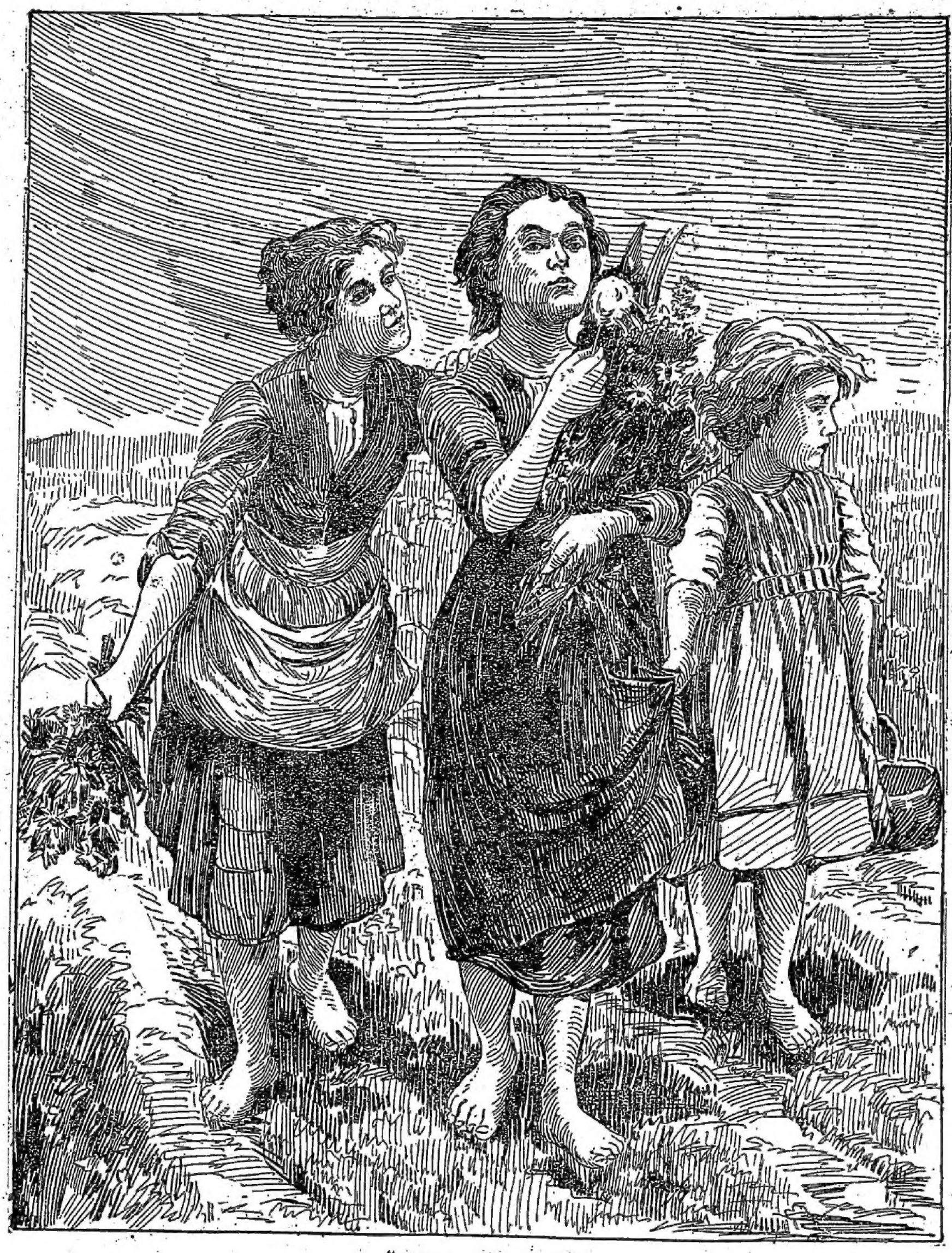
Dear Editor,—I thought I would write to you to thank you for my prize, the 'Reprinted Stories,' I think it is so beautiful and interesting. Both my little and big brothers find it to be so. My little brothers, Freddie and Andrew, are writing to the 'Messenger,' Freddie wrote his all by himself, and he would like to see it in print.

EMILY E. S.

Keady, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I now take the pleasure of writing a few lines. I hope I will see this in the 'Messenger,' I never saw my other letter in it, but I saw my name in the list of names. It is just a few steps from our place to the post-office. I go nearly every Friday night for the 'Messenger,' I come home and read nearly everything. I like the pages eight and nine, as they are big print, and easy to read. I remain your nine-year-old reader,

ADA B.



"WHAT O'CLOCK?"

'What O'Clock?'

There was once a clock—I am afraid it has by this time struck work never to go again—which belonged to an old gardener of my acquaintance.

'What time is it, Joe?' I used to enquire gravely, though if he had not been somewhat shortsighted he might have seen my lips twitching with a laugh that could not be entirely suppressed.

'Time, ma'aster,' says he; 'why to be sure I'll go and look at ter clock in the stable.'

In a minute or two he returned. 'Her says a quarter to nine,' he would begin slowly, 'which if I don't misremember all she's lost ter-day and yesterday, and bein' about one hour and three quarters slow before, means it's just half-past six.'

It was always the same rigmarole with Joe, and never once was his clock right. I fancy it is so with the thistledown clock in the picture. When you blow for the time it is best to have a look at the sun. If his Majesty is high in the heavens take your longest breath, and set

the fluff flying, for it must be near one o'clock; but if the sun is getting ready for its gorgeous bed in the west blow gently, and the thistledown will tell you truly—at least as truly as old Joe's clock.

But whether the finest English gold lever watch, or only a silver Geneva be yours; or if you have not a watch at all, but guess your time from the sun or the thistledown, be sure you are always in time. An hour too soon for work is better than a minute too late. Waterloo was won and lost some say because some one was just too late; and there are other battles in the great campaign of life which may end disastrously for you and me if we do not make up our minds, God helping us, never to be behindhand in work, in play, in sympthy, in love, in helping a fellow-creature, in doing a kindly deed.—'Home Words.'

A Heavenly Message.

During the early years of Mr. Spurgeon's ministry he was invited to preach in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, England. Feeling uncertain as to whether his voice would fill the immense area, he resolved to test it, and went in the morning to the Palace for the purpose.

He was thinking what passage of Scripture he would repeat, and just as he reached the stage from which he was to preach, this text came to his mind: 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' Pronouncing the words in a loud, clear voice, he felt sure that he would be heard; he then tried in a softer tone, repeating the same words, and, satisfied with his experiment, he left the building.

More than a quarter of a century later, Mr. Spurgeon's brother was called to the bedside of a dying man.

'My friend, are you ready to die?' asked the minister.

'Oh, yes!' answered the man, in a tone of assurance.

'Can you tell me how you obtained the salvation of your soul?'

'It is very simple,' he replied, his face radiant with joy. 'I am a plumber by trade. Some years ago I was working under the dome of the Crystal Palace. I was without God and without hope.

'All at once I heard a voice coming from heaven, which said: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners" By the hearing of these words I was convicted of sin; Jesus Christ appeared to me as my Saviour; I accepted Him in my heart as such at the same moment, and I have served Him ever since.'

It was indeed 'a voice from heaven,' though uttered by human lips. God's Word shall not return unto Him void, but shall prosper in the thing whereto He sends it!—'Buds of Promise.'

One At a Time.

Referring to the old fable of the pendulum—one tick at a time—'I can mind once,' says Daniel Quorm, 'when I was a little boy helpin' mother to store away apples, I put my arm around ever so many o' them and tried to bring them all. I managed for a step or two. Then out fell one, and another, and two or three more, till they were all rollin' over the floor. Mother laughed.

'"Now, Dan'el," she says, 'I'm goin' to teach you a lesson.'

'So she put my little hand tight round one apple.

'"There," she says, 'bring that an' fetch another.'

'I've often thought about it when I've seen folks who might be doin' ever so much good if they didn't try to do too much at once. Don't go tryin' to put your arms around a year! An' don't go troublin' about next week. Wake up in the mornin,' and think like this:

'Here's another day come. Whatever I do, an' whatever I don't do, Lord, help me to do this—help me to live it to thee!'

Riches.

A rich young ruler came to Jesus to ask how he might be sure of eternal life. Jesus told him to be good and kind and to keep the commandments. But the young man said: 'All these have I kept.' Then Jesus said: 'Do one thing more. Go sell all thou hast and give to the poor.' This grieved the young man, for he was very rich and could not bear to part with all his wealth. As he turned away, Jesus said sorrowfully: 'How hardly shall they that are rich enter into the kingdom of God!'

We are all rich in some way, and we should be willing to divide our riches with those who are in need. If we are rich in money, we can give that into God's church. If we are rich in health and strength, we can run errands and wait on those that are ill or feeble. Even if we are rich in nothing else, we can be rich in love, and can share that with those who have few to love them.

If we would enter the kindgom of God we must give of our riches, whatever they are, to those who are in need, just as much as the rich young ruler who came to Christ.—'Mayflower.'

One of the 'Gods Many.'

(By Elizabeth P. Allan, in 'Forward.')

Once, thousands of years ago, the land of Egypt, the land of the great One River, was in mourning from sea to desert. What was the matter? Was the king dead in his palace? Was war threatening? Were the grain fields parched or laid waste? Had a new tax been levied on the poor, down-trodden people? No; none of these evils had happened; but the black bull, Apis, had died in the temple enclosure at Memphis, where he was worshipped, and no other had been found to take his place; for an ordinary bull would not answer the purpose. He must be black, with a square or three-cornered white spot on his forehead; there must be another white spot resembling a vulture, or eagle, on his back, and something like a beetle under his tongue. No wonder he was hard to find.

At last one was found that the priests of the temple said had these signs on him, showing that the soul of Osiris had entered into him. Then the land broke into rejoicings; the new god was taken in a chariot to Heliopolis, and there worshipped by the people for forty days, after which he was hidden away in the temple enclosure at Memphis, worshipped by images, and never seen again, except by priestly attendants.

Thank God for the revelation of the true Jehovah.

"For though there be that are called gods . . . . as there be gods many and lords many . . . . to us there is but one God, the Father . . . . and . . . one Lord Jesus Christ.'

Scientific Temperance Teaching.

(By Mrs. Howard Ingham, Secretary Non-Partisan, W. C. T. U., Cleveland, Ohio.)

LESSON XXXIV.—OPIUM.

1. What is opium?

It is the dried juice of the poppy.

2. Where is it grown?

In many eastern countries; in Arabia, Egypt, and most of all in India, where thousands of miles are given to poppy fields.

3. How is it produced?

From the seed-vessels of the poppy, which, after the flowers are gone, are left to grow till they are as large as hens' eggs. Then they are cut with a sharp instrument in the early morning, and left for a day for the juice to flow out.

4. What is the next thing?

The following day men go through the fields and carefully scrape off the juice that has flowed out, and it is poured into pans and left for three or four weeks to dry and thicken, being carefully turned every day.

5. And what next?

Then it is packed into earthen jars and sent to the factories, where it is poured into large vats and thoroughly kneaded. Afterwards it is made into balls, and is then ready for shipment.

6. For what is it used?

Much is used as medicine. It is very useful in cases of great pain, or when severe operations have to be performed.

7. How is it useful?

Through its effect on the nerves, which it puts completely to sleep, so they know nothing at all of what is being done to them.

8. Is it a dangerous medicine?

Very dangerous indeed. A single grain of it killed a young lady, and a dose a little too large may destroy life at any time.

9. Is it ever used except as a medicine?

It is used in enormous quantities by the Eastern nations. Millions of dollars are spent by the Chinese, the Burmese and others, for this drug, which they use daily for smoking.

10. Is it harmful when used in this way?

It is one of the most terrible things ever used. It destoys its victims, both body and soul.

11. How does it affect the body?

Especially through the nerves. It destroys their power to control the body, makes them perfectly insensible to all impressions, and so produces very dreadful diseases.

12. How does it affect the mind and character?

Through the brain, which it deadens. It affects the conscience and the will; makes a person false, deceitful, filthy; destroys all sense of right or decency. When the effects of the opium wear off, he is cross and cruel.

13. Is it used at all in America?'

Yes, and its use is growing. Many 'opium dens,' as they are called, exist in New York, and they are found also in other cities.

14. How is opium usually taken?

In these dens it is smoked through long pipes. But it is also used in great quantities in the form of morphine, which is either taken through the stomach or is injected under the skin, usually of the arm.

15. Why do people come to use it if it is so dreadful a drug?

Because they like the effects. It so quickly deadens the nerves as to take away the knowledge of fatigue or pain. And when a person once forms the habit his will power is 'snuffed out,' as a physician said.

16. Is it easy, then, to break off the opium habit?

No, it is almost impossible. The struggles of the opium user are even more terrible than those of the poor drunkard; and in many cases he cannot overcome the habit.

17. What, then, should we do?

We should be sure not to begin such a fearful habit. Boys often form it in using cigarettes, of which opium forms a part.

Hints to Teachers.

This lesson may be expanded and illustrated, and made exceedingly interesting to the children. Dwell especially on the danger of beginning the habit. Sometimes mothers unwittingly bind it upon their children by giving them soothing syrups, etc., of which opium is always an ingredient. Especially warn the boys against the cigarette, in which opium is largely used. Girls also need careful warning, so often is the habit fixed upon them through the use of opiates or sedatives given in cases of illness. Better any pain than this body and soul destroying habit.

The Cigarette Habit.

The teacher in a public school in Chicago found that eighty of her scholars smoked from two to twenty cigarettes a day. Six only of these boys were able to do good work in their classes. The victims of the cigarette habit confessed that they were suffering constantly from headache, drowsiness and dizziness.

Many declared they could not write well because their hands trembled. A number were 'shaky' when they walked, and unable to run for a distance. They could not rouse themselves to meet the examination test. The teacher reported that they were sure to fail if asked to memorize anything. Several of the smokers were from four to five years too old for their grade, and it was found that after they began to smoke their progress ceased.

Except in three instances, the scholars hardest to discipline were smokers. Truancy and theft were directly traced to indulgence in the habit. Boys who had reformed and joined the Anti-Cigarette Society said they 'felt like different boys.' The power and perniciousness of the cigarette habit are revealed by this fresh testimony from a competent and careful observer.—'The Youth's Companion.'

A Touching Incident.

The quiet influence of a child has been the means of saving the parent. I remember a little history related to me many years ago by a Christian abstainer. He said he would give me the facts that led to his reform, and the circumstance that arrested him in his career of sin.

Two maiden ladies who lived in the village, often noticed a scantily-clad girl passing their house with a tin pail. On one occasion one of the ladies accosted her:

'Little girl, what have you got in that pail?'

'Whiskey, ma'am.'

'Where do you live?'

'Down in the hollow.'

'I'll go home with you.'

They soon came to a wretched hovel in the hollow, outside the village. A pale, jaded, worn-out woman, met them at the door. Inside was a man, dirty, maudlin, and offensive. The lady addressing the woman, said:

'Is this your little girl?'

'Yes.'

'Does she go to school?'

'No; she has no other clothes than what you see.'

'Does she go to Sunday-school?'

'Sunday-school!—in these rags! Oh, no!'

'If I furnish her with suitable clothes, can she go?'

'It is no use giving her clothes. He would steal them and sell them for whiskey. Better let the girl alone, there is no hope for her, or for us.'

'But she ought to go to school.'

An arrangement was entered into whereby the child should call at the lady's house on Sunday morning, be clothed for the school, and after school was dismissed, call again, and change her clothes for home.

The little creature was very teachable, and soon became a favorite with the teacher, who gave her a little Testament—probably the first gift the child had ever received. She was very proud of her Testament, exhibiting it on all occasions, with the delighted exclamation:

'That's my little Testament—my own!'

She would take it with her at night, clasping it in her hands till she fell asleep on the wretched rags called a bed.

The child was taken ill. The doctor provided by her benefactors declared she would die. Her friends furnished her with what comforts they could, and watched the father lest he should steal them and sell them for whiskey.

The gentleman then continued the narrative in the first person:

'One day I went to her bedside. I was mad for drink. I had taken everything I could lay my hands on. I looked around the room. There was nothing left, nothing I could dispose of. Yet I must have drink. I would have sold my child; I would have sold myself, for whiskey. The little creature lay on the bed, with the Testament clasped in her hand, partly dozing. As I sat there she fell asleep, and the book slipped from her fingers, and lay on the coverlid of the bed. Stealthily looking round the room, I stretched out my shaking hand, seized the Testament, and hastily thrust it into my bosom. I soon sneaked out, like a guilty thing, to the grog-shop. All I could get for it was half a pint of whiskey. It was a poor little book. I drank the devil's drink almost at a draught, and soon felt relieved from the burning thirst. The stagnant blood in the diseased vessels of my stomach was stimulated by the fiery fluid, and I felt better. What took me back to my child, I can not tell, but I sat again by her side. She still seemed to be sleeping; and I sat there with the horrible craving stayed for the time by the whiskey I had drank, when she opened her eyes slowly and saw me. Reaching out her hand to touch mine, she said:

'"Papa, listen. I am going to die, and when I die I am going to Jesus; for he told little children to come to him. And I shall go to heaven; for he said that little children were of the kingdom of heaven. I learned that out of my Testament. Papa, suppose when I go to heaven, Jesus should ask me what you did with my little Testament. Oh, papa! oh, papa! what shall I tell him?"

'It struck me like lightning. I sat a few moments, and then fell down on my knees at the bedside of my child, crying, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." That half-pint of whiskey was the last drop of intoxicating liquor that has passed my lips. She died in a few days, with her hand in mine, and her last words to me were:

'"Papa, we shall both go to Jesus now."'

—From John B. Gough's 'Sunlight and Shadow.'

Beer and Brick.

At one place in England, where a large amount of brick-making is carried on, and where the amount of each man's work, the number of days lost by sickness or otherwise, and the deaths, were made matters of record, the rules of the service allowed to every man a mug of beer at each meal. But there were among the workmen quite a number who wholly abstained from the use of beer and every other intoxicating drink. An examination of the record showed that the average amount of work done per annum by the beer drinkers was a large percentage less than that done by those who wholly abstained, while the number of days lost by sickness was greater.—'British and Foreign Medico-Chirurgical Review.'

Wisdom From the Far East.

The Japanese say:

'First time, man drinks wine; second, wine drinks wine; third time, wine drinks man.'

The Chinese say:

'Intoxication is not the wine's fault, but the man's.'

'Let those who desire to leave off drinking observe when sober a drunken man.'

'Medicine may heal imaginary sickness, but wine will never dispel sorrow.'

—'Christian.'

Deny yourself for the sake of others. It is better to deny yourself meat, or wine, or any other thing by the use of which you would make your brother do wrong. Stand squarely on your own faith in God. Don't insist that your brethren shall test their faith by the same conditions by which you test yours, and don't measure your faith by the conditions which they set up. You are fortunate if all your habits stand approved by your own conscience. But if you are in doubt as to the righteousness of any of these habits, you are doing wrong to practice them. Whatever you do as a Christian you must do it to the glory of God. So doing others have no right to judge you, and you have no right to judge others. You may safely and contentedly commit yourself and them to him before whose judgment seat we all must stand and give an account of ourselves.—Dr. Dunning.

The Sunday-School

LESSON V.—OCTOBER 30.

Messiah's Kingdom Foretold.

Isaiah xi., 1-10. Memory verses 2-4. Read chapter xi., also ii., 2-4 and ix., 1-7.

Golden Text.

'The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.'—Isa. xi., 9.

Home Readings.

M. Isa. ix., 1-7.—'The government shall be upon his shoulder.'
T. Isa. xi., 1-10.—Messiah's kingdom foretold.
W. Isa. xlii., 1-16.—'I have put my Spirit upon him.'
T. Jer. xxiii., 1-8.—'The Lord our righteousness.'
F. Isa. lxi., 1-11.—'The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me.'
S. Luke iv., 14-32.—'This day is this scripture fulfilled.'
S. John i., 29-51.—'I saw the Spirit descending upon him.'

Lesson Story.

The prophet, whose lips had been touched with the fire of cleansing and inspiration of the Holy Ghost, catches a wonderful glimpse of the coming glories of Christ's kingdom. Isaiah prophesies about seven hundred years before Christ's coming, of his birth (Isa. ix., 6), of his peaceful kingdom, (xi., 1-12) and of his rejection and crucifixion because of his people's unbelief (liii.).

The nation which for their sins was to be cut down to the roots as a tiel tree, was to send up new shoots which might be stronger than the first. From the root of the family of Jesse and David a Branch should spring forth, who should reign in righteousness and peace on the earth. 'And the Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord; and shall make him of quick understanding in the fear of the Lord: and he shall not judge after the sight of his eyes, neither reprove after the hearing of his ears; but with righteousness shall he judge the poor, and reprove with equity for the meek of the earth: and he shall smite the earth with the rod of his mouth, and with the breath of his lips shall he slay the wicked.'

'And righteousness shall be the girdle of his loins, and faithfulness the girdle of his reins.' This beautiful word-picture of our Saviour is followed by a picture of the peacefulness of his kingdom — 'They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain: for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.' And this 'Branch of Jesse,' this Saviour and King, is not only for the Jews but for the Gentiles and for every nation in the world.

Lesson Hints.

'Jesse'—the father of Daniel (I. Sam. xvi., 19: Acts xiii., 22, 23.)

'Branch'—the name given to the Messiah in Zechariah's prophecy, also in Jeremiah (Jer. xxiii., 5: Zech. iii., 8.)

'Roots'—the stock had been entirely cut down—only the roots remained, but from those roots, from the lowly family stock of Jesse, should come forth a beautiful fruit-bearing Branch, whose kingdom should extend over the whole world in peace and righteousness.

'The Spirit of the Lord'—the Holy Spirit, whose attributes are wisdom and understanding, counsel and might, knowledge and reverence.

'Quick understanding' — and obedience. The Revised Version says, 'His delight shall be in the fear of the Lord.'

'Not judge after the sight of his eyes, — 'The Lord looketh on the heart,' (I. Sam. xvi., 7) he will not be deceived by any outward show of piety or justice, nor misjudge any motive of purity and truth. We are perfectly safe in leaving all judgment to him who only judgeth righteously (Matt. vii., 1, 2.)

'Neither reprove'—without thorough investigation of all the facts.

'Reprove with equity'—rebuke with perfect justice and fairness the oppressors of the meek, on behalf of the afflicted ones.

'Rod of his mouth'—his word, 'Out of his mouth went a sharp two-edged sword (Rev. i., 16, see also Rev. xix., 15: Eph. vi., 17, and Heb. iv., 12). 'The word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart.

'The girdle of his loins'—the belt or garment fastened round the waist to hold the other garments in place. The apostle Peter exhorts us to gird up the loins of our mind in steadfastness and sincerity. And Paul (Eph. vi., 14) charges us to stand 'having our loins girt about with truth.' The loins signify the strongest and yet the most vulnerable part of the body, it is, therefore, most important to have this part well protected and surrounded with strength. The everlasting strength of righteousness and faithfulness is the girdle of the Son of man.

'The wolf' and 'lamb'—these animals are paired each with its natural enemy to intensify the picture of peace.

'Asp' and 'cockatrice'—exceedingly poisonous serpents.

'Waters cover the sea'—entirely, leaving no crack unfilled, no rock uncovered, sweeping on with unconquerable force.

'Gentiles' — all the nations of the earth. This prophecy points past the first coming of our Lord to that glorious second coming in power and glory which any day may bring us (Matt., xxiv., 42: xxv., 31: Acts i., 11: I. Thess. iv., 16, 17: II. Thess. i., 7-10.)

Questions.

1. How long before Christ's birth did Isaiah prophesy ?
2. Did Isaiah foretell our Saviour's rejection and humiliation as well as his glorious kingdom?
3. What lesson do we learn about judging?
4. Give three verses about the word of God.

Suggested Hymns.

'To us a Child of hope,' 'Praise Him ! praise Him!' 'Peace, perfect peace,' 'Sweet peace the gift of God's love,' 'The peace the Saviour gives,' 'When peace like a river,' 'Jesus shall reign where'er the sun.'

Practical Points.

A. H. CAMERON.

While we cannot have the same measure of the Holy Spirit that Christ had, we may have enough to fill our souls if they are first emptied of selfishness and vanity. Verses 1, 2,

It is a pleasing thought that he who is our saviour will also be our judge, and his judgment is always just. Verses 3, 4: Gen. xviii., 25.

The righteousness of Christ is the hope of his people, 'All other ground is sinking sand.' Verse 5.

Nothing is so productive of peace between antagonizing forces as the practice of the Christian religion. Verses 6, 8.

'The earth is the Lord's,' and 'The sea is his,' therefore should the glad news concerning Jesus extend over land and sea from pole to pole. Verses 9, 10.

Tiverton, Ont.

Lesson Illustrated.

Isaiah's vision, still afar off, of the dawn of the Messiah's kingdom. Therefore we represent the Sun of Righteousness rising from

THE SPIRIT OF COUNSEL
THE SPIRIT OF MIGHT
THE SPIRIT OF KNOWLEDGE
THE SPIRIT OF FEAR OF THE LORD
THE EARTH
SHALL BE FULL OF THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE LORD
AS THE WATERS COVER THE SEA

the waves. The rays of light are the different spirits resting upon him as given in the first part of the lesson. As the Rabbis called it, the seven-fold spirit of God.

Use yellow for the sun and yellow and red for the lettering of the rays, and the reflection already lighting up the waters and brightening the earth.

Christian Endeavor Topics.

Oct. 30.—Helpfulness.—Ex. xix., 8-13: Gal. vi., 1-5.

Scholars Should Attend Public Worship.

There is complaint in many places that the scholars of the Sunday-school do not attend public worship as they should. Many never attend at all, and others very irregularly. They seem to lack the sense of obligation to attend. This is the worst feature about it. There must be a cause for this state of things. The responsibility must rest somewhere. Without charging the cause of this evil to any one, we will try and see how it may be remedied. It cannot be cured without the hearty co-operation of three parties —the Sunday-school, the pastor and the parents. With the earnest co-operation of these three parties we believe that the boys and girls, the young men and young women of our Sunday-schools can be made regular and interested attendants on the public services of the house of God.

The Sunday-school has a very important duty to perform in this matter. Not all superintendents and teachers are as wise in what they say and do as they ought to be. In some way the impression has been made on the minds of the scholars that the Sunday-school is a substitute for public worship; that what the regular church service is for the older people the Sunday-school is for the children. Let it be understood once for all that the Sunday-school is an auxiliary to the public worship of God, and in no sense intended to take its place. The superintendents and teachers should urge attendance upon public worship as one of the grandest privileges given us by a merciful God, and also a solemn duty, for the performance of which he will hold us accountable. As a matter of course, this instruction must be backed up by the example of the superintendent and teachers. — 'Evangelical Sunday-School Teacher.'

The Sunday-School and Missions.

With regard to our Sunday-schools we expect our scholars to take an interest in foreign missions. We show that we do so by asking them for a weekly subscription to the Society. It is to be feared, however, that our expectations are not largely realized in this respect. Is not the reason to be found in the scholars' lack of knowledge of the subject? Do we not depend too much upon the occasional address from a missionary, or the reading of a missionary letter, and are we not apt to forget that in many cases (with the exception, of course, of what they may learn from their own teacher in class) these are the only opportunities which the children have of hearing anything upon the subject? Our own children can often listen to conversation on missionary matters, and may have the occasional privilege of meeting a missionary in their own homes. But these children have not such advantages. Is it not probable that they too often give, because it is the custom in the school to do so? But when they get older and hear adverse criticism on foreign missions, they have not the knowledge to combat it, and so often become as elder scholars, really antagonistic to the foreign cause.

I would suggest, in the first place, that our Sunday-school children be instructed in the history of missions. That they be so taught that they would be able to stand an examination in the subject. We examine them from time to time in bible knowledge; could we not sometimes see that they had an examination in missionary knowledge? Would it not be a good plan occasionally, instead of an address, to have a missionary afternoon that should be prepared for some weeks previously by teachers and scholars? Let the school be divided into sections, each taking one part of the missionary field as a study. Then let each of these sections, as questioned from the desk, contribute something as to the commencement and growth of the mission in that portion of the field, naming some of the striking features concerning it, and the chief missionaries who have labored there.—Mrs. Henry Cook.

HOUSEHOLD.

Kindness to Hens.

If you would have your hens to be the very best of layers, there is something besides food which they need, and that is care about their nests and a recognition of their individuality. The maternal instinct is especially strong in almost everything of the bird kind. If the space is crowded they are liable to steal each other's nests, and then there is a great outcry and much indignation. And when they have the 'setting fever' they must not be harshly dealt with, for this is nature. You will discover that they have a genuine fever, and it is the height of cruelty to 'put them under a barrel,' or give them a cold bath and make them think they are to be drowned, or otherwise to abuse them, for by this time probably your hen has laid over a hundred eggs for you, before she has ever thought of her own pleasure. One woman who has thought much about the humanities of this subject, tells me that she invariably respects the wishes of every hen, and never disappoints them in their hatching propensities, and her hens are as productive at four and even five years as the first season, so that kindness is really the best policy. But how is she able to do this? you ask. Simply by a little care and judgment. When she finds a 'setting hen,' she takes a half a dozen glass eggs, and makes a preliminary nest in a quiet place, with surroundings safe from cats, rats, and other enemies. Then she removes the hen to this nest towards night, when it is too sleepy to take much heed, and if it is exceedingly desirous of setting, it will be quiet and keep on the new nest, but if not, then it will be entirely cured of the fever in a few days. In the former case the glass eggs are taken away and real ones substituted, but in neither case are harsh measures used. How much better is this than to 'duck' them to make them stop 'setting,' as the common expression goes, for it is necessary to their health that they have several unproductive months during the year, and if you wish to see perfect happiness look at a hen and her little chickens in a field of tender grass. She is doing more than helping her brood, she is laying up a store of health and tissue herself for the future. And you will be sure to feel the benefit of this in choice winter eggs. Meanwhile the one who has been easily 'put off' gives you no more trouble. She has had her chance.

Now, a word about keeping the chicks in limited quarters. This also can be done, always presupposing that you are willing to take the trouble. A clean box, several feet long, and as many wide, with a smaller box in one corner, for the night brooding, a little hay in the latter, so that the mother can work it into shape, a shallow can of water. This clean box, covered with an old window-frame, which has the most of the glass in it, and kept in a sunny corner of the yard, will make a good habitation for a month, if thoroughly cleansed now and then. The meals must be given with frequency, and not too lavishly, and must be constantly varied. A little finely cut up meat must take the place of the angle-worm, and dry oatmeal may be a substitute for the garden seeds they love to get hold of, and soft food, such as soaked bread or scalded Indian meal. They, like their elders, have also to be supplied with grass, lettuce or other vegetables, and as soon as they can bear it they also must have sand or gravel in which to disport themselves.—'Christian Work.'

Without Tact.

'I should like to be liked; but somehow people don't seem to care for me,' is the plaint of a certain girl. She has good intentions, and finding herself regarded on all sides as a disagreeable companion, is sincerely sorry for it, and yet is blind to the source of her unpopularity. For instance she wonders why the Misses A. have not returned her last visit, made six months ago; but she does not take the trouble to remember that she yawned frequently and undisguisedly the last time they did call, and remarked that a country visitor seemed so dull after her visit to the city. She has at last become aware of the fact that Miss B. has not only dropped her as a visiting acquaintance, but shows a disposition to give her the cut direct when they meet in public; this, however, has no connection in her mind with the other fact that she giggled audibly on one occasion when Miss B. broke down, in attempting to sing at a parlor concert. Perhaps she does not know that ridicule is the hardest thing in the world to forgive; perhaps she herself has forgotten the giggle, but it is not at all probable that Miss B. has done so. She is apt to affirm, as regards society in general, that her habit of speaking the truth is against her, and in consequence of this absurd fancy she is disposed to look upon herself as a martyr. She was never more mistaken about anything in her life. It is not her truthfulness, but her uncalled for and disagreeable candor, that makes some of her acquaintances speak of her (and a much larger number think of her) as 'that hateful old thing.' As she wasn't asked what she thought of Miss C.'s new hat, there wasn't the least occasion for her to inform the wearer that it was the most unbecoming thing she could have chosen, and made her look her full age (Miss D. being ten years older than herself, and a 'girl' only through courtesy). This was bad enough; but when she remarked to Miss E. that her awkwardness was very much against her in getting a position as governess, her candor was simply brutal, the remark being quite voluntary, as her opinion on the subject had not been asked. She is much given to contradiction, and yet wonders why she is so often silenced by the retort, 'Well, have it your own way.' She is not a cold-hearted girl, and she would really like to be liked; but she lacks tact and consideration; and as long as she neglects to cultivate these virtues, just so long must she be resigned to content herself with social endurance or ill-concealed dislike.—'The Classmate.'

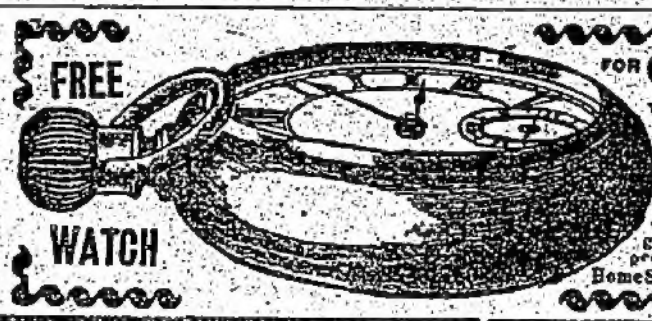
Selected Recipes.

Peach Sponge. — Half a box of gelatine, half a cupful of cold water, one can of peaches. Cook the peaches soft with the sugar and run through a sieve, add the gelatine and cool. When cool add the whites of three eggs which are well beaten. Mould and set on ice. Serve with a cold custard.

Russian Salad.—If one has salads in mind, 'an eye to a salad,' in most households enough material collects in a day or two for a good one, with but trifling outlay. Some cold potatoes, a sprig of parsley, one small onion, a little vinegar, oil and salt, put together in five minutes, by deft hands, make a simple, but most appetizing dish; or a few peas, drained, a few string beans, cut up with a few capers, one cucumber pickle, thinly sliced, a bit of cooked potato, one carrot boiled, cut in dice, or small, 'silver-skin' onion, raw, shredded finely, a bit of parsley, chopped, with a pinch of mustard and salt sprinkled over. All mixed carefully, so as to retain the shapes of the vegetables, piled on a platter, and ornamented with olives and asparagus heads all around the edge, alternately. Over all, vinegar enough to moisten. This is called Russian salad, and it can be varied indefinitely. It always seems to be acceptable.

A New Rice Pudding. — Boil for half an hour, in slightly salted water, four ounces of rice; then mix in a pint and a half of milk and the yolks of three eggs; add six ounces of sugar and a few drops of lemon extract. In a baking-dish set five small tart apples (one in the centre), whole, with the skins removed, and the cores taken out from the tops; the bottoms must not be broken. Pour the rice custard around them, but not covering them; leave their cups empty; drop in the custard a small handful of seeded raisins. Bake this in a moderate oven for about an hour. When it is done, let it get cold, and drop into each apple-cup a teaspoonful of currant, quince, or crabapple jelly; on top of each put a peak of meringue, made of powdered sugar and the whites of two eggs. Lay around the edge a border of the sections of a very juicy orange, from which every bit of skin has been removed.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



FOR One Day's Work

We give this fine Watch, Chain & Charm for selling two doz. packages of Exquisite Perfume at ten cents each. Send address and we forward the perfume, postpaid, and our Premium List. No money required. Sell the perfume among your friends, return money, and we send the watch, prepaid. This is a genuine American Watch, guaranteed a good timepiece. Mention this paper.
Home Specialty Co 60 Victoria St. Toronto

EPPS'S COCOA

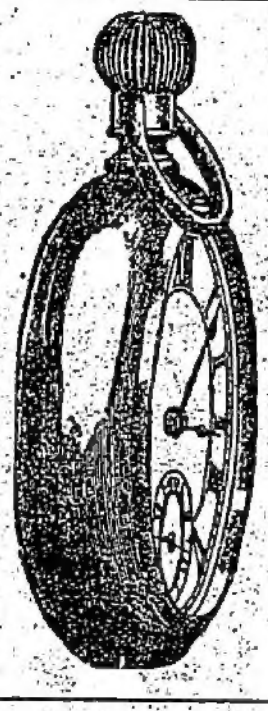
GRATEFUL COMFORTING

Distinguished everywhere for Delicacy of Flavour, Superior Quality, and Nutritive Properties. Specially grateful and comforting to the nervous and Dyspeptic. Sold only in ¼ lb. tins, labelled JAMES EPPS & Co., Ltd., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.

BREAKFAST SUPPER

EPPS'S COCOA

USE BABY'S OWN SOAP



FREE

We give this fine watch for selling two dozen LEVER COLLAR BUTTONS, at ten cents each. Send your address and we forward the Buttons, postpaid, and our Premium List. No money required. Sell the Buttons among your friends, return the money, and we send the watch, prepaid. A genuine American watch, guaranteed, for a few hours' work. Mention this paper when writing.

Lever Button Co.
20 Adelaide St. E.
Toronto, Ont.

YOUR NAME neatly printed on 20 Rich Gold Edge, Fancy Shape, Silk Fringed Envelope Verse, Florals, &c., Cards. This Gold Plated Ring and a 25c present all for 10c. Samples, outfit and private terms to Agents, 3c. Address STAR CARD CO., Knowlton, P.Q.

NORTHERN MESSENGER.

One yearly subscription, 30c.

Three or more to different addresses, 25c each.

Ten or more to one address, 20c each.

When addressed to Montreal City, Great Britain and Postal Union countries, 52c postage must be added for each copy; United States and Canada free of postage. Special arrangements will be made for delivering packages of 10 or more in Montreal. Subscribers residing in the United States can remit by Post Office Money Order on Rouses Point, N.Y. or Express Money Order payable in Montreal.

Sample package supplied free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall, of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'